



## CHAPTER IX.

WHO SHE WAS.

## A NARROW ESCAPE!

How it Happened.

The following remarkable event in a lady's life will interest the reader: "For a long time I had a terrible pain in my heart, which increased almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and gasp from my throat as if I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to breathe a full breath. I couldn't sleep a room without sitting down and resting, but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all that is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors without any benefit until I was both discouraged and discouraged. My husband bought me a bottle of Dr. Miller's New Heart Cure, and am happy to say I never regretted it. As I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. I weighed 135 pounds when I began taking the remedy, and now I weigh 120. Its effects in my case have been truly marvelous. It far surpasses any other medicine I have ever taken, and I have never received from physicians." Mrs. Harry Starr, Pottsville, Pa., October 12, 1893.

Dr. Miller's New Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or by Dr. Miller Medical Co., Chicago, Ill., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. Express prepaid. This great discovery by an eminent specialist in heart diseases, contains neither opiates nor dangerous drugs.

Sold by all druggists.

## THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches.

**EVANGELICAL**—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m., Rev. G. H. DORR, Pastor.

**METHODIST**—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m., Rev. J. N. KALB, Pastor.

**PAUL'S LUTHERAN**—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m., Rev. W. L. FRANK, Pastor.

**JOHN'S LUTHERAN**—In Freedom Twp., Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m., Rev. J. N. KALB, Pastor.

**ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN**—Napoleon Twp., Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m., Rev. J. N. KALB, Pastor.

**UNITED BRETHREN**—South Napoleon Church, every week, 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m., Rev. J. N. KALB, Pastor.

**UNITED BRETHREN**—McClure Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m., Rev. J. N. KALB, Pastor.

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Clerk..... M. U. Brown  
Probate Judge..... J. F. Coffey  
Prosecuting Attorney..... J. F. Coffey  
Recorder..... J. F. Coffey  
Auditor..... J. F. Coffey  
Treasurer..... J. F. Coffey  
Surveyor..... W. O. Hudson  
Coroner..... J. F. Coffey  
Commissioners..... J. F. Coffey  
Mat. Relier  
Levi King  
E. H. Hickman  
Farm Directors..... J. F. Coffey  
Wm. A. Ward  
School Examiners..... J. F. Coffey  
Wm. A. Ward  
Editor..... J. F. Coffey

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

was the soul of kindness. I was so little to her indeed that I was quite sure she must have forgotten all about me. Ours was only the acquaintance of three days at the Somerset hotel, where my mother took me, and two years have passed since then.

"She is a very old lady," put in Maxey. "Undoubtedly that is the explanation. She forgot her—at least so much that the name Annette recalled nothing. It is perfectly possible. When you got the letter which you supposed came from her, you thought it was very strange, but still you went to meet her on the beach road?"

Annette looked into the artist's face and shuddered, and the tone in which she spoke was more the voice of desolation than of horror.

"My good, kind friends, it is due to you that I recall all this, however much it pains me. I have tried not to think of the past while I have been here, but it is too black a shadow ever to let me go."

Said Maxey eagerly, "When you have told the story once, you need never refer to it again."

"I do not complain. It was my misfortune to be born under it. I do not wish to conceal anything. Indeed I thought this letter very strange, but I was so unhappy that anything was better than the suspense. I had nobody to advise me. If I was imprudent, it was not wholly strange after the life I was leading. I got the letter in the morning, and at noon I had decided to go. I came to the hotel on the beach road just before sundown. I had expected to find it just as I had seen it once before—full of people and stir. It was a shock to me to see it closed and deserted. It was very cold. At first I walked up and down the road, but after awhile, becoming tired, I rested myself on a seat by the wayside. It grew dark very fast after the sun went down, and my heart misgave me that I had done wrong to come. The ocean sounded so lonesome moaning away below me, and it awoke such a formless feeling in my heart that I believed I was foolish enough to cry as I sat there to think how miserable and friendless I was."

"What first brought me to myself was the realization that the tears were almost freezing on my cheeks and that it would soon be quite dark. I started up and looked along the road. There had been but few passers, but now I saw a man coming down on the side next to me, and I waited for him to pass. He was so muffled up that I could only see his eyes, and I thought he acted so queerly. He surely saw me, but he turned his head away quickly when I looked at him, as though he did not wish to meet my glance. Then I began to realize what a danger I might be running along at my hour in this deserted place. I watched him fearfully as he went on, and I saw him look round toward me once or twice, and finally he crossed over and came back again on the other side of the way. This really frightened me, but as he seemed to be going by I thought I would wait till he had passed and then run for safety with all my might. I started out for this purpose, but I had run but a little way when I heard a sleigh coming very fast from the direction the man had gone, from the direction of the city. I thought by the sound the horses must be running away. I stepped back to the wall to be out of the way, but it was too late. A man, driving rapidly, it was not so dark that I could not see him. He wore one of those caps which let down over the face, with an oval slit for the eyes. Before he got to me he began to rein in the horses. They stopped so quickly that I hardly realized what was happening. He was out of the sleigh and coming toward me almost before I really knew it. I did not even then fully understand that I was the object of his attack, and when I did I did not have the power to cry out."

"He seized me with terrible strength, putting a cold gloved hand over my eyes and mouth and forcing me backward across the wall. I was faint with fear, and his glove pressed me so tightly that I could not breathe. I struggled to get my face free, but he held me too firmly. He pushed me down in the cold snow. He got my arms under his knees and hurt me terribly. Then I felt his free hand searching my pockets. The rest is all a blank to me. I must have lost my senses at that moment. I supposed I had a fever, for I awoke in the hospital with a strange dizziness in my head."

Her voice ceased suddenly, and each of the three listeners drew a sigh of relief. Even Lamar had averted his face lest she should see how interested he was. She alone was free from excitement. The associations aroused in her mind by her recollections seemed only to make her utterly sad and cast down. She did not need to tell them in so many words that her life had been very unhappy and unsatisfactory.

Maxey was breathless to know what the cautious physician would next do. He was afraid he would think that Annette had dwelt long enough on gloomy things for one day. To his intense relief Dr. Lamar seemed disposed rather to encourage her to talk.

"You are a narrow escape, Miss Dye," he said, "and one for which your friends must all be very grateful."

The pathetic expression in the pale face deepened.

"My friends! All I have are with me here. I have no others, not one."

The tone was so forlorn and desolate that Miss Maxey's eyes filled with tears.

"Surely, surely, this cannot be!"

"Ah, it seems strange to you because your life has always been bright and happy. You cannot understand. Even in the little time I have been in your pleasant home that old life of mine has begun to seem like a dream. It comforted me so to have escaped from it that I have done all I could to forget it."

"But you must have had a good home and refining influences. That is betw—"

en in all that you say and do."

Annette's whole soul seemed to be in her reply: "All that I have to be thankful for I owe to one sublime woman, whose frail life stood between me and degradation and ignorance, who put her very heart's blood into making me what I am!"

She stopped abruptly, overcome with emotion.

"Your mother?" suggested Ellen.

"Yes, yes, I shall always call her so! My mother! Forgive me for not having told you all about it before. But if you knew how it pained me to bring back the old associations and the old feelings you would not wonder at my silence. Just now I was trying to please myself with the delusion that it had gone forever."

"It has!" cried Maxey and his sister in one breath. Ellen crossed the room lightly, and kneeling in the floor beside Annette, she took her hand in hers and comforted her like a sister. In a little time Annette was able to speak coherently.

"If I had not always been so sensitive and so bashful, it would not have mattered so much, but it was so hard for me to make friends. I had always to wait for somebody else to take the initiative. And then when I met persons whom I believed I could have loved and trusted, as sure as that day came, the acquaintance was suddenly broken off, and we were separated."

"Separated? By whom?"

"By Mr. Dye. He did not wish me to have friends, I assure. I hope I do not wrong him, but I think so, because nothing disturbed him more than to find me talking with a stranger. My mother pitied my isolation, and she tried to interest in me companions of my own age, and then the information would come that they were to break up our little home again and go to some distant place to live. That is why I had no friends. We staid so short a time in any city, we changed our living place so often—I cannot say home—I never knew what that word really meant till I came here. But I am only myselfing my kind friends, I should tell you what I know of myself from the beginning."

"Way back, beyond all that I can really remember, there is a vague, imperfect sense of something different, which comes to me most vividly some times when I am not trying to think of it. But my first distinct recollection is of playing with my little rag doll at a window, very high up, looking out over the roofs. Mr. and Mrs. Dye were with me, and I called them father and mother. I always was afraid of him, and he avoided me, but I loved my mother with the strength of a double passion. I can dimly remember that at that time both of them were rather different in their looks from what they seemed in later years. Mr. Dye has changed greatly. He used to be very well dressed and careful of his appearance. That was before he took so greatly to drink. Now he seems to have no care. My mother was pale, slight and sad. She went so much when I first recollect her that her eyes were always red. Her husband made her very unhappy. He never used violence toward either of us. He rather seemed to pity us, but there is an unkindness that is quite as deep as the unkindness of hard words and blows. He was a silent and moody man and was very little in the house."

"I noticed as soon as I was old enough to notice at all that he did not like to have me even look at him. I sometimes caught him watching me furtively, but as soon as he saw that I knew it he would turn away quickly. If it was not so absurd, I should have believed he was afraid of me. And so my mother was a broken hearted woman. But the less she had in common with her husband the more she devoted herself to me. She often told me that she lived only for me, and when I think how feeble she was and what a struggle existence was for her I cannot help believing she told the truth. She taught me all I know. She saved her money, but she never bought clothes to buy me books. In the long days and evenings when we were entirely alone we read and studied together. We had to devise places to hide our literary treasures, for whenever he found a book he sold it and kept the money. More than once our entire little library, obtained at so much cost and pains, was missed by him in the morning."

"I should not have been unhappy but for the little knowledge of the world and its ways that my reading gave to me. It made me feel the degradation of my position. All the time my mother was becoming paler and feebler every day. Finally she took to her bed. I—I attended her."

It was with difficulty that Annette controlled herself sufficiently to go on. But her resolution conquered her natural emotion. She was even able to speak in a calm voice.

"Before she died she told me that I was not her child. It was a secret she could not carry away with her. She had often and often begged her husband to tell her who I was, but he never would. One night when I was not 2 years old Mr. Dye had placed me in her arms, and in a hurried and agitated manner had told her that I was to be her child thenceforth, and that we three were to begin traveling about the country the very next day. Before that time he had been very good to her, but somehow my coming estranged them. The guilt that began then has been widening between them ever since. He had loved her once, she said, and there she was breathing out her last breath in my arms, while he was away with degraded men, careless what became of her. He had at last frightened her by declaring that if she ever told anybody I was not their child she believed that the secret must be terrible indeed, and for years she had not dared to question him again."

"I was too weak," she said, "to make any resistance then, but when you grew to be quite a girl and I realized the great responsibility upon me to bring you up as I ought in the sight of God and man I often on my knees begged and begged him to restore you to your parents, or at least tell me who you were. He only answered 'I do not know.' Oh, but he was good to me once! If he comes now before I die and sees me, perhaps the sight of me lying so feeble here—for it is the same face, Annette, the same face, though changed, that he used to kiss so fondly in the old days—perhaps the sight may touch his heart, and he will tell us, if I ask him, everything. So, Annette, I must not die yet. I feel strange. Arrange my pillows that I may sit up. I can hear better then, and the first sound of his footsteps on the stairs will drag me back from the very verge of death."

"It was night, and everything in the house was still. I cried so I could hardly see. I lifted her up as she wished, and she died, with her head turned, listening for the step on the stair. When he came, he found us both unconscious on the bed. Alas, mine was an unconsciousness that knew an awakening! I almost hated him for awaking me. Oh, how like a horrid dream it seems—this, that was only a few weeks ago!"

There were no longer tears in her eyes. Those dark orbs burned with a light that the physician did not like to see in them.

"Let us forget all this, my dear young lady," he said. "What happened after that?"

"After that was the little funeral, attended by only two. We sat in the carriage that followed her to the grave, strangers, as we had been all our lives long."

"The brute!" cried Miss Maxey. "You wrong him," said Annette quickly. "He was not heartless. I never in all my life heard him speak a savage word to her. And in the carriage his grief was terrible to see. I never saw a man weep before. It frightened me. I tried to say something to console him. He silenced me with a terrible oath, the only time he ever spoke like that to me. Oh, Mr. Dye is a strange man! He seems always to be brooding over some terrible wrong. I have sometimes even wondered whether his mind was not unsettled. That was what made my life so unbearable. It was enough to feel the desolation of my mother's death, but to have him always absent or sitting in the same room without a word, without a look for me, that was terrible. And still we moved about. I could not bear to remain shut up all the time, and one night despair gave me courage to throw myself upon his mercy, to tell him my unhappiness and to beg him for a release. I thought if he could allow me to go out to work as a servant in a family where I could earn my bread even that would be better than this, for this was worse than death itself."

"He heard me out in astonished silence and averted his head to reply in a voice that trembled: 'You are my daughter, Annette. The law makes me responsible for you until you are 21. I must continue to take care of you.' Then I told him, for the first time, that I knew his secret. I was not his daughter. If

"I told him that I knew his secret," he did not let me go, I should myself appeal for aid to some charitable person. The fact that I had just come back to the city, where I had met the kind lady, Mrs. Haggood, made me think of her, and I spoke of her. He seemed utterly overwhelmed, and when I saw the strange pallor that my rash words had brought into his face my anger died away at once. I remembered what my mother had told me about his fear of the gallows, and I thought there might be truth in it. I was frightened. That was only the day before I got the letter that took me to the hotel at Somerset."

"That is enough for that," said Lamar. "It is not necessary that you should allow your mind to dwell much upon the unpleasant past. Choose the bright things, Miss Dye, if you must think of it at all, and let the rest go. However, I wish to ask you a question or two, if you don't mind. In the first place, were you feeling well and strong previous to the 9th of December last, when you made your unfortunate visit to Somerset?"

"Not really well, sir. I had been increasing for some months. I think if I had been well I should not have felt so deeply the loneliness of my situation. My head troubled me greatly, and at times I suffered from an overwhelming feeling of despair and melancholy, which I am sure was not natural to my disposition."

"Then as to your sight. Could you not call up the face of an absent person most vividly before your mind, and shutting your eyes sometimes almost persuade yourself that that person was standing before you?"

Annette suddenly became very pale. She looked at the physician, agitated and amazed.

"Why, why, how could you know that, sir?" she stammered. She seemed so excessively troubled and alarmed that everybody uttered an exclamation of surprise. In a few moments, however, she had partly recovered, and then she at once went on in a hurried manner, much as if she were trying to get away from a dangerous topic as fast as possible.

"Indeed I never forgot faces nor anything else that I saw that interested me. Sometimes such a thing would haunt me for days. I suppose it was my loneliness and isolation that made me take so much interest in what I saw about me when I was young. I studied over them till they almost became a part of me—at least I fancied so. Sometimes when anything had impressed itself strongly on my mind it would come into my mind again after night until it really terrified me with its vividness. And really, Dr. Lamar, I should like to know if you consider this a part of my disease?"

She put the question anxiously, as if it were a most momentous one.

"Oh, no, not at all, not at all!" said the physician quickly, believing that he had alarmed her, though the fact seemed very strange and inexplicable to him. "I think perhaps, Miss Dye, we have talked sufficiently on such topics for one day. Some time when you are stronger we will discuss them more fully. Forgive this past that troubles you. You are in safe hands here, and I can assure you that your old life is a closed volume if you will only agree to make it so. My

earnest advice to you is to keep your mind free from it. The present and the future are much more to the point."

"But what can I do?" sighed Annette, pausing from her former agitation to an expression of uneasiness and distress. "I do not, I cannot feel happy here. I know it is wrong, but I cannot help seeming to myself a burden on my friends. If I could only earn my own living!"

"You shall," cried Maxey, with an inspired look. "You yourself have already indicated the path. You have a talent for drawing and an admiration for art. I will become your teacher, and you shall be an artist."

"And make your fortune at once. Artists always do," added Miss Maxey, with a sly look at her brother.

"But I am not sure that I can. I spoke too much of myself perhaps. I may not have any talent at all," stammered Annette.

But the delight and hope in her face as she glanced at Maxey's sketch betrayed her real feelings plainly.

"You will not refuse?" the artist cried.

"Not, not if you really would like to have me, try."

(CONTINUED.)

Speaks the Truth.

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